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THE VALUE OF A GREAT HERITAGE

AN ADDRESS BY

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, D. D.

BEFORE

THE WASHINGTON ASSOCIATION
OF NEW JERSEY

With Greeting by WILLARD W. CUTLER, President
and Proceedings in the Celebration

AT WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

IN MORRISTOWN, N. J.

ON FEBRUARY 22, 1921

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ADDRESSES

Before the Members and Guests of the

WASHINGTON ASSOCIATION OF NEW JERSEY

AT WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS,
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY,
FEBRUARY 22, 1921.

HONORABLE WILLARD W. CUTLER, Vice President, called the meeting to order and said: We will rise and open the exercises of the afternoon by singing "America;" you will find it on the leaflets that have been distributed through the audience.

After the singing Mr. Cutler continued: Members of the Washington Association and guests: While your president is absent he has not forgotten this gathering, and I am in receipt of a letter from him in which he says: "I regret exceedingly that I cannot be with you next Tuesday and that I cannot have the privilege of shaking hands with our friends of the Washington Association and of hearing our distinguished guest, Dr. Fosdick. Please give them my cordial greetings."

In his absence I have the honor of presiding and welcoming you to these grounds and to the house where the Father of this Country made his headquarters during the time that the Revolutionary Army was in the vicinity of Morristown. Little did Washington think when he threw in his lot with the people in their struggle for liberty that he was establishing a nation which would become a world power. He was living at ease and in comfort in his home in Virginia, but he left it all to undergo hardships and privations, and years of anxiety and perplexity; he heard the call of duty and threw himself heart and soul into the cause which he espoused. It was not for personal gain, or place, that he undertook this step, but he was giving his all

that others might enjoy lives of liberty and freedom. At that time he was misunderstood by some. He had to contend with jealousy and petty spite among subordinates in the army, but as time went by his true character stood out in bold relief, and to-day all over this broad land a people are observing a holiday in honor of a man who fearlessly did what he thought was right.

You all have, I hope, enjoyed a pleasant hour of social intercourse and partaken of the lunch and are now anticipating listening to the eloquent speaker who is to address you. I do not intend to take up your time with any extended remarks, for I know you feel like the jurymen who for two days had listened to a very dry and uninteresting case and when one of the attorneys arose to make his final address and began by saying, "The Court has allowed me forty-five minutes in which to present my case, but it is so plain that I can do it in five minutes," one of the jurymen interrupted him and said, "Then why don't you do it and let us hear something that is more interesting."

Your trustees have in the past endeavored to vary this occasion. You have heard college professors, United States senators, an ex-president of the United States, an ex-governor of our own state, an eminent lawyer and many other prominent men, and to-day I have the pleasure of introducing to you that eminent divine, the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, of New York City, who has selected for his theme, "The Value of a Great Heritage."

"THE VALUE OF A GREAT HERITAGE"
An Address by Harry Emerson Fosdick, D. D.

Dr. Fosdick said:

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen:

I appreciate very much this cordial welcome on this unique occasion, although, of course, the complimentary remarks of the previous speaker have always to be taken in a Pickwickian sense, since he is a toastmaster. Toastmasters always remind me of a spinster whose matrimonial affairs were of very great interest in the community in which she lived, chiefly because they were always promising but were never consummated. One day the rumor did get around the town that she actually was engaged, and a friend met her on the street, embraced her with overflowing warmth and said, "I hear that you are engaged;" to which the spinster replied, "There is not a word of truth in it, but thank God for the rumor!" When, therefore, I hear a toastmaster on an occasion like this pay compliments I am sure that there is not a word of truth in it, but I thank God for the rumor! (Laughter.)

I am particularly gratified to find myself in the presence of so many real Americans in the vicinity of New York City. (Applause and laughter.) When my friends come from Europe and cast aspersions upon America's life as revealed in New York I always tell them that New York City is not an American city; it is a European city and I wonder why they do not like the people that came from the same place that they came from. I am peculiarly gratified today to find that actually in the vicinity of New York City there are as many Simon pure and real Americans as this. To be sure, I understood that it is possible for people who want to do so to make fun of us who belong to ancestral societies and cherish shrines like this to which we make our pilgrimage. They tell a story that to a village in Arabia there came one day a lineal descendant of the prophet; whereupon the city fathers held a council and went out and slew the lineal descendant of the prophet, not because they had anything against the lineal descendant of the prophet but because they thought on the whole it would be best for the greatest number that that village should have a holy tomb where they could worship and to which pilgrimages could be

made. That kind of story is always kept conveniently in the vest pockets of those who through circumstances over which they have no control are unable themselves to belong to ancestral societies. When Dante made his memorable trip to hell, he found an aristocrat of Florence in a burning coffin, wrapped in a winding sheet of flame; but, with a ruling passion strong not only in death but in hell, he lifted himself up before he would condescend to engage in conversation with Dante and said, "Who are your ancestors?" While I recognize the possibility of such a snobbish perversion of the sort of interest we represent here this afternoon, for my part I am frankly proud of my ancestry. My great, great, great, great grandfather, for example, was expelled from the Puritan Colony in Massachusetts, not because he was a bad man, I assure you, but because he insisted on reading heretical books. Most of my ancestors since then have been blacksmiths and we have at home in the family museum at least one Indian tomahawk which was left at the family forge and was never called for. My grandfather was a village carpenter and shoemaker and, as he worked, he propped a Latin book in front of him and he learned the declension of Latin nouns and the conjugation of Latin verbs to the tap of a cobbler's hammer on the pegs, and before he was through he was the superintendent of education of the City of Buffalo. (Applause). I come to you today, therefore, with a rather typical American lineage, one of the first generations of Fosdicks in the history of the world that ever put on a cutaway coat, and quite as proud as any king upon his throne could be at the thought of the heritage that has been handed down to me. In this country while it is possible then for men, if they will, to pervert the sort of thing we represent here today, I wonder if there ever was a time in the history of America when there was more need for everybody with a serious and affectionate devotion to the institutions of the country, to come to a conscious recognition of the possible peril in which those institutions stand and a deliberate resolution to see to it that they do not fail.

To be sure, it is possible for a youth to grow up in America and not know much about the institutions of the country, even

though he is still sustained by the civic and social securities which they provide. So for centuries mankind lived in the universe and did not know the truth about it, but still the rains refreshed them and the sun warmed them and the stars guided their wandering boats. It is a pity, however, for a man to live unconsciously sustained by unrecognized sources of service. A man can go about in this country sustained by the civic safeguards provided in the Constitution and perhaps never stop to think that there is a Constitution. Then some day he begins to grow up, perhaps through the agency of a meeting like this. It begins to dawn on him what it meant to secure the Constitution in the first place. The day grows vivid in his remembrance when the ratification of the federal Constitution was at stake in New York State and Alexander Hamilton fought the great battle there. Three times they voted and three times by an overwhelming majority the vote went against the ratification of the Constitution. Once more Hamilton girded himself with his matchless logic and went down into the arena. "What news shall I take to New York?" said a friend of his leaving Poughkeepsie for the city. "Say," said Hamilton, "that this convention will never rise until the constitution has been ratified." (Applause)

It is a great thing for our youths to gain a clear understanding of what it has cost to give us what we possess. That battle, for instance, in the House of Virginia Burgesses over the ratification of the Constitution never would have been won if George Washington had not written a certain letter to Randolph. Washington did many great services for his country but I wonder if he ever did one individual thing that weighed so heavily in the total result as that fine, irenic, but unbending letter which he wrote to Randolph which swung Randolph with all his influences over to the ratification of the Constitution. We need ever more vividly to keep the memory of this history that lies behind our institutions because there are too many people in this country now who have not caught the spirit of the enterprise. Of all the Pilgrims, I think John Alden interests me most, chiefly because he was not a Pilgrim; that is, he had never been at Leyden; he never intended to go on the

Mayflower. He was a cooper and they picked him up by accident in Southampton because they needed somebody to make barrels for them. They hired him to go in the Mayflower. But he caught the spirit of the enterprise and before he got through he was acting governor of the colony and a spiritual force of quite incalculable magnitude. How many people in this country, some born here, some arriving here through Ellis Island, are American outwardly but have not yet caught the spirit of the enterprise that is represented in our historic institutions!

Far be it from me to strike a reactionary note today. I am a long sea mile from a reactionary. In the sixteenth century the great question was the church. The reformation was on and all the vital perplexities of human minds centered there. In the eighteenth century the great question was politics; democracy was rising; the American and French revolutions were breaking loose and all the deepest perplexities that concerned the human mind had there their fountain and their spring. In the twentieth century the vital question is in the economic and international realm and, mark it, just as in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries they could not get through without enormous changes, neither will we in the twentieth. The changes will come but let this also be said: the changes that come must come a la America and not a la Russia. (Applause.)

Today I am interested to note that this sort of celebration here at Washington's Headquarters symbolizes, as it seems to me, certain fundamental needs in the thinking of our people and I venture to call them to your attention. In the first place, I have already suggested one: a new consciousness of the price at the cost of which our privileges have been purchased. Too many of us stroll into life and take its opportunities and privileges for granted as though they belonged to us in fee simple to possess. We are like people that never have seen any flag except a brand new flag unspoiled by battle. We lack the sobering experience that comes to men when first they see a battle flag rent by shot and slit with sabre stroke, a flag whose soiled dishevelment symbolizes the sacrifice that makes a brand

new flag a possibility. One of the most sobering and chastening experiences that can come to any man is to wake up to the fact that he cannot take any common blessing of our civic life and trace it far back without coming to blood upon the trail. How often would a man like to take these easygoing, selfish batteners upon the securities and privileges of our land, and back them into a corner where they could not get away and try to make them see what some of these things have cost. From that day when the French peasants, scared to death because they had presented a petition to the king, stood before Louis saying, "Sire, what are our opinions?" what has it cost to build a democracy, where, with all its faults, our opinions in the long run are yet the makers of the government? From those days when James the First said about the Puritans, "I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land," what has it cost to win liberty until today conformity in religious opinion is the last thing that any of us think of or desire?

In my summer home on the Maine coast there is a beautiful strip of land called Popham Beach, where in 1607, thirteen years before the Pilgrims came, a groupe of English commercial gentlemen founded a settlement. It lasted for just one year; for one winter only did they bear the biting cold and loneliness of separation from their homes, the fear of the hostile savages. They had come for money and it was not worth what it cost. I never sail past Popham Beach in my motor boat in the summer without thinking of that other settlement where neither loneliness nor bitter cold nor fear of hostile savages could break their determined will. How splendidly those words of Elder Brewster ring out: "It is not with us as it is with others whom small things can discourage and small discontentments make us wish ourselves at home again!" There is not a thing we have that has not been bought and paid for by the sacrifice of men like that and as soon as a man wakes up to it something grips his honor. He is under an unpayable indebtedness and he never can give to the country any tithe of what the country has given to him. On a day like this I think I hear our ancestors appealing to us and saying: "We did our best; we pushed this cause just as far as our finger-

tips would reach before we fell on sleep. Now we are counting on you. Everything we dreamed and for which we laid down our lives, poured out our blood and tears, is in your hands. If you fail we fail." I wish that all over the country that gospel could be preached to our youths until they would stand up with a united phalanx and sacrifice spirits determined that what the fathers planned never should fail. (Applause.)

In the second place, there is another deep need in our nation that is represented by a gathering like this, the preservation of the memory of those heroes of our national history around whom our admiration chiefly gathers. Was ever a people blessed as we are blessed in having two such outstanding personalities as Washington and Lincoln? I love the French. I am glad we had a chance to pay back a little of that debt we owed. (Applause) I remember once in France I wandered over the hills from Gondrecourt to a little place called Domremy, where Jeanne D'Arc was born. I saw the fields where she fed her sheep and the winding river where she watered them and the hills where she walked and saw visions of gleaming angels. Then I went into the little church where Jeanne D'Arc once offered up her maiden orisons and there in the chancel of Jeanne D'Arc's church were the Stars and Stripes, and over the hills you could hear in the dead of the night the distant boom of the guns where our men were guarding the land she loved from the desecration of the enemy. (Applause) I love France, but there is one place where I feel a little sorry for her. It is when I stand before the tomb of Napoleon with all its imperial pomp and glory. Think how, without any fault of theirs, just by the force of circumstances, the national admiration of the French has had to cluster around that scoundrel, Napoleon the First! Standing there by the tomb of the great Napoleon, I could not keep my imagination from reaching back across the seas to the two men who have been elevated into the center of our admiration—as great in character as they were in achievement, as splendid in conscience as they were in fortune. We must have thought of that these few days past when once more across the long century filled with the most amazing discoveries that the human mind has ever

made, filled with the most thrilling and tumultuous events through which humanity has ever passed, our imaginations have turned to that winsome leader coming out of a log cabin in the middle west. Lincoln was a lawyer, but there were other lawyers greater than he; Lincoln was a politician, but there were others keener than he; Lincoln was a strategist, but there were others more skillful than he; Lincoln was a statesman, but there were others as comprehensive as he. That attraction in him that draws our attention back with a fascination that no mere superficial skill or aptitude of mind ever can explain is the amazing impress made upon the world by his simple, honest, elemental manhood. He lived through the most bitter, vindictive era of our nation's life where everybody suspected everybody and yet when it was all over his physician could say, "Lincoln was the purest hearted man I ever knew." (Applause) And his secretary of war could say, "I never heard him say a thing that was not so," and James Russell Lowell at Harvard could sing: "His clear grained human worth And brave old wisdom of sincerity." By the very circumstances of his life he was stripped of all those coverings which might have disguised the plain robustness of his character. He was no Gothic cathedral with balanced thrusts and delicate tracery and colored glass—more like a pyramid, he, simple and solid and plain. As Disraeli said about him, Disraeli, who was his very opposite, polished where Lincoln was plain, astute where Lincoln was simple, subtle where Lincoln was sincere, as Disraeli said about him, "Something in him so homely and so innocent that it lifts the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of politics and the ceremonial of diplomacy and touches the very heart of nations." Such is one of the men around whom, by God's grace, we have the right to let our national affections gather.

Oftentimes there is too sharp a contrast drawn between Lincoln and Washington. Lincoln, we know, roughed it. We recall well that he used to work for thirty-one cents a day and that he said the first time he ever got a dollar a day added a dignity to his life from which he never recovered. We recall well how he borrowed Weems' "Life of Washington," and put

it between the chinks of the logs one night and, waking in the morning, found that it had been rained on, and then worked three days husking corn to pay for it. We know these things about Lincoln, but Washington we often picture in silk clothes, living in aristocratic ease. Silk clothes? He knew far more about buckskin than he did about silk. He was the younger son of the family. It was the older brother who was sent to England to get an education and concerning whom we hear little more. George Washington was the best Indian fighter in his colony! At nineteen he stood before the House of Burgesses in Virginia to receive the thanks of the State for his protection against Indians. Shy and modest, he could not even bring himself to say, "Thank you," and escaped to the woods again.

We make another contrast that is not altogether true between Lincoln and Washington, namely in point of humor. We know how humorous Lincoln was, how he took refuge in it; how when he caught the small-pox he said, "Go out and get all the office seekers; I have got something I can give them now." (Applause and laughter.) But against this deep strain of humor in Lincoln we have a picture of Washington, very solemn and sedate. Of course, Washington did have an innate dignity that we glory in, but then he was not so sedate as he has been made out to be. Here is a fair sample of the thing they have done to Washington. He actually said once, "A hundred thousand men are not worth a flea bite," but his literary executor, thinking that was not exalted enough in tone for the father of his country, put it down thus: "One hundred thousand men is totally inadequate." We forget that someone said of him that he had a laugh like a great bell, a little hard to get started, but when it was started you could hear it over a whole country. To be sure, he called his mother "Honorable Madam." To be sure, when you read some of his letters you are reminded of the remark made about Samuel Johnson that he never could write a story about little fishes because he always would make them talk like whales; and there are times when, turning over Washington's private correspondence, you can understand how Queen Victoria felt about Gladstone. She said,

"I do not like him because he always addresses me as though I were a public meeting." (Laughter.) These things, however, that were characteristic of Washington after all were but the manners of the times. But whatever may be our mistakes about the detailed picture of these two men there is no question about the common character that underlies their lives.

We may remember here today that there were many times during the revolutionary war when the whole cause of American independence rested upon the solitary will of Washington. If he had flinched the whole enterprise inevitably would have gone to pieces. He had everything against him: defeat, his army dwindling from thirty thousand to two thousand men, the Continental Congress hating him, and his enemies sure that they would dispossess him tomorrow. And he rode the storm like an iceberg down the sea against tide and tempest, because the deeper levels of it are laid hold on by a current that runs far beneath the surface. So he had not accumulated a little patriotism upon the surface of his life. His heart had been gripped by an overmastering devotion to an emancipated America. Because he was that kind of man we have the country that we rejoice in today. (Applause.)

As Gladstone said, "One example is worth a thousand arguments," and because God has given us for the center of our national admiration two men like this, Lincoln the most lovable of all great men in history, Washington, concerning whom an Englishman, Frederick Harrison, said, comparing him with his own heroes like Oliver Cromwell, that in point of character he is the supreme statesman in the records of humanity, let us never fail to exalt them in the eyes of our youth that they, even before they can learn the abstract arguments for our institutions, may in their hearts fall in love with the men who made the institutions possible. (Applause.)

In the third place, I call your attention to another deep need in our national life represented by this gathering today: *the need of a new emphasis upon some of the fundamental principles on which our nation is founded.* Let me pick out just one of them today—equality.

I wonder what the average man thinks of the doctrine of

human equality. I venture if you could get a rescript of what the average man thinks it might run something like this: he knows that the Declaration of Independence vouches for the fact that all men are born equal. He knows that behind this are Rousseau's ideas on liberty, fraternity, equality, which afterwards flamed out in the French revolution. Perhaps he knows that behind that, whatever its practice may have been, the church in theory had always taught human equality. Gregory the Great in the sixth century said, "All men by nature are equal." Perhaps he knows that even before the Christian Church came into existence that marvelous civilization which grew up around the Mediterranean basin, with open avenues between the peoples and such a mingling of races as the earth had never seen before, had developed the Stoic doctrine of human equality, so that Cicero had said that there was no such resemblance to be found in nature as that between man and man and nowhere was equality so complete. But after the average man, even in America, has recognized thus the important history which this conception has had, I wonder if he does not go on to say: "It is not so; men are not equal. A man into whose life has been poured generations of cultural wealth and a man born in a jungle—equal? A born genius and a dunce—equal? When you have abstracted from humanity all the ways in which we are unequal, what you have left concerning which you can say in this regard we are equal is thin and insubstantial, an airy sentiment for dreamers to talk about, but not for practical men to live by." Thus one of those great principles that our fathers wrought into the very structure of the country has come even in America to be openly discounted.

I call your attention, however, to the fact that this idea of human equality is a long way from being a sentimental dream. It has already demolished old caste systems although they seemed eternal. Go to India and see them still lingering on, caste systems strict and absolute, by which the people for uncounted generations have been organized into rigorous inequality. Some men were born from God's head, they say, some from his arm pits, some from his navel, and some from

his feet, and so, by eternal nature, they are unequal, they and their children after them. At any rate, with all our personal differences, that sort of thing has gone down before the ideal of equality.

The ideal of equality a sentiment! But chattel slavery has gone down before it. Aristotle argued that slavery ethically was right because men were essentially and unchangeably masters and slaves by nature. Somehow, that would not even sound plausible to us although the greatest mind of all antiquity did say it. For millions of lives have been gambled upon the proposition that whatever may be the difference between men and races, the difference is not sufficient to justify the ownership of one man by another. The ideal of equality a sentiment! Well, it is a sentiment then to stand in awe of, for it has utterly wrecked old aristocracies that seemed to have firm hold on permanence. If one would feel again what that thrilling generation felt when first the old distinctions lost their power, one should read once more the songs of Robert Burns. They are commonplace to us now, but they were not commonplaces then. They were like lightning a great beacon on a hill.

"For a' that and a' that
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o'worth,
Are higher rank than a' that."

The ideal of equality a sentiment! But it is a most prodigiously powerful one for it has already made equality before the law one of the maxims of our government, failure in which awakens our apprehension and our fear. It has already made suffrage an actual fact, although all the practical people only yesterday laughed at it as a dream. It has already made equality in opportunity for an education the underlying postulate of our public school system, although seventy-five years ago the debate was still acute as to whether such a dream ever could come true. Just now the idea that equality is a sentimentalist's dream sounds strange when little nations are claiming equal rights and proletarian uprisings are advertising

how profound and how prodigious is this passion in the hearts of men.

One with difficulty restrains his scorn for the intellectual impotence of the so-called wise men who call idealists dreamers. Who is it that is dreaming, if he despises an ideal whose upheavals already have burst through old caste systems, upset old slave systems, wrecked old aristocracies, pushed obscure and forgotten masses of mankind up to equality in court and election booth and school and now once more are disturbing the very foundations of old international and economic ideas. This is a poor time to despise that ideal. It is a very good time to try to understand it if one can. For so deep in the essential nature of things is the fact of mankind's fundamental equality that no more revolutionary force ever yet was let loose in history and no stronger influence will sway the developments of the future. Those old words of Archie Roosevelt to his school teacher when she rebuked him for playing with common boys might well be put up on every school house and church and public buildings: "My father says that there are only two kinds of boys,—good boys and bad boys."

There are times yet, for all that the Reds say, when my heart is stirred to the depths by the practical evidence of what this thing means. A few years ago there landed in the port of New York a lad from Sicily. On the day he came the streets were gay with banners; it was the happiest day in the boy's life because he thought the flags were flying to welcome him from far off Sicily. In a few months he found himself down on the East Side, in one of our American schools, having difficulty with the language. One day he brought to the teacher a beautiful piece of pottery on which with skillful fingers he had moulded a scene from his native land and, because she was a real teacher and loved to bring out what was in her pupils, she rose like the sun in encouragement upon his work. To make a long story short he is studying now in Beaux Arts and has the promise of going to Rome to complete the development of the unusual talent for sculpture that has been discovered in him. He says now that he knows those flags were not flying

for him; he knows that it was Lincoln's birthday; but he thinks that after all there is a sense in which they were flying for him because America has given him the kind of welcome that Mr. Lincoln would have been glad to have him get. (Applause.)

Between twenty and thirty years ago there landed in the port of New York a young Hungarian from up in the Carpathian Mountains. He came without family and money and because he had heard that all wealth came from Pittsburgh he went there. He was too young to go into the mills but he was finally introduced into the kitchen of a hotel to wash dishes. Then he began to size up what made the superiorty of America and he put his fingers on education. He worked by day and studied by night. When he graduated from the high school he was chosen to be one of the orators. He took as his subject "The Great Opportunities that America Gives to the Boys Who Come Here." He worked his way through one of the universities and graduated with honor; he worked his way through Harvard Law School. He is with a leading firm on Broad Street, New York City, now, and a week ago I had the privilege of writing a letter recommending him for admittance into the New York Bar Association. (Applause.)

Just this last week I was up at Yale University. As some of you know, at Yale there are fraternities to which young men of the most well-born and wealthy families would be glad to be invited. A few weeks ago, from one of these, some members went out to notify those who had been invited to their fellowship. Where did they go? To a New Haven restaurant—and asked a waiter serving his patrons there if he would join their fellowship. He was a boy from Greece who had landed here eight years ago without family and without funds. He had worked his way through Yale waiting on a table in a public restaurant and two weeks ago, when the day's work was done, he laid aside his apron and went up to one of the greatest fraternity houses on the campus and the two men who led him up to the altar of initiation bore names eminently known in America for generations. The Reds may say what they like, but for men who mean business there never was such a place

of open doors as in this land. (Applause.)

We have been looking back to the great sacrifices, to the great personalities, to the great principles, that have been built into our national life. Let us take one look ahead, for, as George Eliot said, "The finest hope is fairest memory." Some of us need a basis for hope concerning things ahead just now. The world's situation is not encouraging. Herbert Hoover is telling us that in Vienna and twenty other cities on the continent this winter four out of five children will have to get their food outside of their families at the hands of strangers. Supposing that a few years ago you had gone to wealthy and aristocratic Vienna and had predicted this situation. Incredible! Suppose that one should say to America that that situation ever could come here; how incredulous we would be! Yet the same force that wrought that consequence in Europe still stalks the earth, his hands unbound, his claws unclipped—militarism; militarism that in days of peace says, "Build me vast armies, spend as much upon a single dreadnought as would remake the educational system of a whole state;" militarism that in days of war says, "Give me your best sons for slaughter but keep back the defective to breed the race that is to be;" militarism that lays its greedy, avaricious hands on every new invention to make gregarious death more swift and horrible; militarism that when war is over plunges whole continents into immedicable poverty and makes the starved bodies of innumerable children walk in its train of pageantry. The force still stalks the earth. You know well, whatever political parties you belong to, that with reference to this colossal problem we in America have been jockeyed by personalities, policies and politics into a position which absolutely misrepresents what the heart of America would like to say to the world. (Applause.)

The Hottentots call themselves the men of men; the Esquimaux call themselves the chief people; the Haitians always believed that their island was the first created of all existence and that out of one cave came the sun and moon and out of another cave came the race of men; the ancient Japanese believed that Nippon was the center of the world; the ancient

Chinese said that China was the yolk of the world's egg; and the Shah of Persia, if there is any such person now, still bears the ancient title "Center of the Universe." "Wonderful patriotism," some people say! Patriotism? That is not patriotism. That is illiterate provincialism; and when an American says that or a Briton or a German or anybody else, it is illiterate provincialism still! Yet we have been jockeyed into a position here in America where we seem to multitudes outside of America to be taking that attitude.

On a day like this we naturally remember those splendid and wise words of Washington about no entangling alliances. We know the background of it; that there had been a tremendous pressure of public sentiment here that we should join in the war on France's side against England, and how with a preternatural courage and wisdom George Washington and Alexander Hamilton had stood against that burst of public sentiment because they knew that the only possibility of saving this little nation lay in no entangling alliances. Then, as a result of the Revolutionary War, we moved back to the Mississippi; we purchased Louisiana from France; got Texas from Mexico; obtained the California district to the ocean by purpurchase and Oregon by discovery; until we stretched three thousand miles from sea to sea. And still we said, "No entangling alliances." In 1867 we purchased Alaska from Russia, until with our finger tips we touched Asia, and still we said, "No entangling alliances." In 1898 we obtained the Philippines and became a first class Asiatic power; took Porto Rico, laid a fatherly hand on Cuba, possessed ourselves of Panama and became a first-class South American power, until that thing became true of us that had hitherto been true only of the British Empire, that the sun never set on our possessions. And still we said, "No entangling alliances." And all the while other factors were at work; steamship lines, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, wireless, binding the whole world into one bundle, until New York City spoke every language under heaven and the roofs of Buddhist pagodas in Thibet shone with the corrugated tin of Standard Oil cans. And still we said: "No entangling alliances."

My friends, we may be able to go on with that farce in our politics for a little while longer, but it does not correspond with the realities. I never thought that the League of Nations covenant as framed at Versailles ought to be accepted unamended. I always thought that there were changes that were necessary. But whether you call it a league of nations or an association of nations, I care not; sooner or later the United States must give up its dream of splendid isolation and move out to cooperate with other nations in the endeavor to put an end to this ruinous thing that will destroy civilization if we do not end it—the building of vast armaments where we compete people against people. (Applause.)

I had a friend once who went up to the Adirondacks. He was a minister and he was invited one Sunday to preach in a little chapel; so he took his nine year old boy by the hand and walked across the fields. As he went up the steps of the chapel he saw a box marked "Offerings," and he took out fifty cents and dropped it in the box. He went in and preached. The congregation dwindled away after the service until at last he and the boy and the clerk were left, and the clerk said, "I do not know how much we can give you for preaching this morning but if you will step outside we will see." So they went outside and the clerk opened the box and took out fifty cents and gave it to the minister. As they were walking back across the fields a long silence fell upon my friend and his little boy until at last the youngster looked up into his father's face and said, "Father, if you had put more in you would have gotten more out." (Extended laughter and applause.) My friends, that is a whole philosophy of life and God pity us in America if as citizens we do not learn it. If you put more in you get more out. (Applause.)

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